WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER, - - - INDIANA.

THE STORY OF THE GATE.

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate:
'Twas there, within the quiet gleam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
I used to pause and wait

Before I said to her good-night,
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale;
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
After a stealthy quest—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat;
And then I'd move to go.

"Good-night," I'd say; "good-night—good-by!"
"Good-night"—from her, with half a sigh—
"Good-night!" "Good-night!" And then—
And then I do not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again!

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer-time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget

The happy—"End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch yonder chubby thing!—
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

—*Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.*

A QUEER VALENTINE.

"A VALENTINE?" cried Julia, coming upon the scene just as the letter fluttered to the floor, and picking it up and reading it. "A mighty queer valentine, I must say! An outrageous one—an insulting one. I can't think what Osric will say;" and she turned to find two lovers in each other's arms. But let Julia or Osric say what they would, never was valentine so welcome before as the letter that came to Evelyn on that snowy February morning, and no gilded and embossed wreaths of roses and cupids surrounding little looking-glasses, set there to show the reader the smiling face of the writer's true-love, ever told half the good news that this did, insulting and outrageous as Julia called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. Black—singular and unheard of as Mrs. Black called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. White.

Lovers, however, might well have sent the standard valentines in all their glory to Evelyn, for she was one of those sweet brunette beauties that they tell us are to be found nowhere but in America, and that touch all hearts alike: the tea-rose-tinted skin; the hazel eyes; the hair just singed, as one might say, from brown to chestnut by the sun; the lithe and rounded figure; the dainty little foot; the whole face lighting with its smile as if a sunset flame shone over it, and never half so lovely as in tears.

But this beauty of hers had a hard time of it in all those things that heighten and diminish effect, for, a poor little teacher on half-paid lessons in a few houses, and obliged to dress herself and her mother, and pay druggists' and doctors' bills and other little incidentals, she never had such a thing as a complete outfit at once. She had been the happy owner of but one silk dress in her life, and that had been turned and turned again, turned wrong side out, turned bottom side up, and was still doing service as her best, in a condition, she was wont to say, that would have brought her a premium for patch-work at any county fair. "There never was any one so unlucky," she said. "And I do like pretty things so! But always, if my bonnet is just to my mind, my shoes are sure to be shabby, and by the time I get a new cloak, my gown is a sight to see. Why haven't we any rich uncle in No Man's Land, mother mine? Why doesn't the last will and testament of some old lover of yours turn up, and bless us with the wealth no longer of any use to him?"

"I never had any lover but your dear father," the mother would reply; and then, sitting in the fire-light, she would go over the old, old story of her early love, in which, although Evelyn knew it by heart, she always seemed to find something new.

"We have a pretty good time, don't we, darling little woman?" Evelyn would say, as they made ready for bed, still by the fire-light only—"we two together—if Osric is close as a nut, and Julia doesn't dare say her soul's her own?"

"Oh yes," her mother would sigh, doubtfully. "It's—it s— I don't complain. I suppose it's well enough now; but the future! Oh, Evelyn, my dear, if you should lose your classes, if you should fall ill, just think what it would be to be entirely dependent on Osric! He would make poor Julia's life a burden to her."

"He does now."

"He would make us feel the bitterness of every morsel of bread we ate."

"Well, he does that now, too."

"No; for your parlor-dusting and china-washing and brief-copying, and music and painting lessons to his children, are some equivalent. He would turn away the other girl, and you would have the whole work to do."

"Well, it wouldn't kill me. Don't let us borrow trouble, little mother. I know what you mean, and I'd rather do all the work forever than marry Mr. Bryce."

"I don't see how you can be so wrong-headed," murmured the anxious little mother. "I'm sure Mr. Bryce—"

"We'gus two hundred and fifty."

"Well, what if he does? How foolish you are! He's very—"

"Cross-eyed"—with her worst grimace.

"Not the least that ever was. It's only a little cast that is peculiar and pleasant."

And at that Evelyn went off in a peal of laughter, which she suddenly checked on hearing the manly foot of her brother-in-law mount the stairs, probably to inquire the cause of the commotion, for little went on in his house into which he did not inquire: and if there was one thing more than another that Mr. Osric Carlsen hated, it was the sound of Evelyn's laughter. He had never liked it, in fact, since the day that he proposed to her, and his false teeth came down, and in his awkward predicament he had struck a bracket, and his wig came off, and her sudden and irrepressible laughter had sent him hastily and indignantly from the room, to be consoled by Julia, who met him on the way, and accepted him, with his three little girls, out of hand.

After the marriage it was not till Julia was thought to be dying that Evelyn and her mother were invited to the house; and while they were with her their own house that had never been insured, and their few bonds that had never been registered, were burned together, and of course they had to stay.

But Osric dismissed the nurse and the second girl the next day, and Evelyn did the work, and succeeded in getting her classes, and attending to them besides. At the end of every week she paid her board to Julia: she considered that her work in the house was a fair return for her mother's, in her poor health and old age; and they kept out of the way in their room together all they could. As for poor pale Julia, she was a nonentity and a shadow, sick a part of the time, and with no spirit at any time: she knew that home was not a happy place, but she could not bear to blame her husband, and gradually came to join him in blaming Evelyn, who might make things very different for everybody if she would only marry Mr. Bryce—Mr. Bryce, whose half million was at the feet of this young beauty for her to pick up and enrich them all: Mr. Bryce, who had met her at the house of one of her pupils, who had made Osric's acquaintance purposely to gain an ally in his siege, and concerning whom neither Osric nor Osric's wife, nor Osric's mother-in-law in fact, ever afterward gave her any peace; for the one saw business opportunities for himself, the other saw peace in the house, and the third saw kindness, escape and liberty.

"Now what's the use, Julia?" Evelyn once exclaimed. "Marry the man? I can't! I won't! How can you want me to?"

"The idea," said Julia, "of letting such a chance as that slip through your fingers!"

"The idea of not selling myself!"

"Of letting that artful widow, that Kate Grey, outgeneral you, and come in the mistress of those millions!"

"It's only half a million."

"Only half a million!"

"Well, we'll stick to the truth. And Mrs. Grey is his cousin, and loves him to distraction. I don't see why. But she always has. She's welcome."

"How can you be so unnatural, when you might do so much for your family? You'd marry him soon enough," cried Julia, through her angry tears, "if his name was Pierre Gilland!"

And then Evelyn rose and left the room swiftly. But where should she go? There was no corner of the house where she could be alone for a single sob; for Osric was here, and his children were there, and one does not at all times wish even one's mother to see the tears with which she has no sympathy. There was always all out-doors: she threw her shawl over her head, and ran out into the street. It was a pleasant summer night. She moved along quickly, thinking only of walking away from her trouble—the trouble of an old love for the handsome, headstrong boy who had been the friend and companion and lover of all her years, who had remonstrated with her one day when he heard that Osric was calling frequently at the house, and storming with resentment at the gales of laughter with which she met every sentence he uttered about it, had marched out, only to meet Osric in the hall, in the act of taking from his pocket a little solitaire ring, which Pierre hadn't a doubt was for Evelyn, and of which Julia, as she used to turn it on her finger, never had a doubt that it was not a real stone. And Pierre had left the town for the Pacific coast that night: and if she had wished to write to tell him of his absurd mistake, she had no address, and she only knew he was so much as alive by now and then catching a rumor of him at his work of laying out some railway up under the clouds of the mountains of Peru. But she did not wish to write to him; the man who would think for a moment that she would become Osric's wife deserved nothing of her—had only made haste to seize his opportunity to leave her, she felt. And crying forlornly to herself, she was hurrying along, she knew not where, when all at once she found herself stopped by an insolent arm, and a couple of wretches barred the way, catching her hand, pulling her shawl, leering in her face, while her cheeks burned, and her heart stood still, and her voice failed her at their ribaldry. And never was she so glad or thankful in her life as when a giant form loomed before her, and a couple of powerful blows sent the rascals spinning into the gutter, and Mr. Bryce had tucked her little arm under his, and was taking her home in safety, and no questions asked. How kind he was! How good he was! How rich he was! From that moment she knew she was going to marry Mr. Bryce.

But Mr. Bryce was very gentle about it. When he had her promise, he seemed to be content with that, and to be willing to let her learn to love him before he demanded more. But she couldn't, try as she would. The idea grew more and more repugnant: only the sight of her mother's happiness in it made her hope that the love might come when needed. Yet, although that happiness of her mother's was something very touching for her to see, nevertheless, in all her tremors and terrors, she never could help laughing at the sudden respect and deference that Osric began to pay her.

"So you are really going to marry my cousin?" said Mrs. Grey, when he brought her to call on Evelyn, and left her at the door.

"I suppose so," said Evelyn.

"You suppose so! Don't you know?" asked the pretty widow, nestling in her laces.

"I have promised to marry him," said Evelyn then, looking up in the sudden hope of some help, some sympathy, and remembering how unreasonable that was to hope for from his cousin, who loved him herself, people said, although how she could, as Evelyn said to herself, with a sort of shudder, was a mystery.

"You have promised," repeated Mrs. Grey. "And you are the kind to keep your word, I suppose. Tell me—I have a right to know—would you marry him if he were a poor man?" said Mrs. Grey, imperiously.

"I should marry him now, rich or poor, since my word has been given," replied Evelyn.

"That is not answering my question."

"I will answer it, then, when you tell me what right you have to ask it."

"Mrs. Grey hesitated. "Every right—every right," she cried then, with sudden, swift emphasis. "The right of years of waiting, of patience, of hopeless devotion. I have the right at least to demand that the woman who wins where I fail shall give him some portion of the love I would have lavished."

"I am very sorry for you," said Evelyn, simply, after a moment or two of silence had followed this outbreak. "I—I wish he did love you!" And then, as Mrs. Julia was coming into the room, she dashed by her and ran out, unable to control the tears she could not bear to weep before this woman.

"I came to pay my compliments to your sister," said Mrs. Grey, coolly, to Julia: "but she seems to regard her approaching marriage as anything but a subject for compliments. I am sorry she is so unhappy in it. I suppose there is another attachment?"

"Oh, dear me," drawled Julia, who never had more than half sense, as their old nurse used to say, "we don't consider her old affair with Pierre Gilland of any consequence—"

"Pierre?" asked Mrs. Grey, gently, with an air of interest in Julia's conversation. And when the carriage came round for her she knew all that Julia knew.

"A very lovely girl," said Mrs. Grey, as her cousin, who had not gone in with her, took the seat beside her again in the carriage. "But I can't congratulate you, as I could not congratulate her. She is in love with another man—a young Pierre Gilland, a civil engineer on a Peruvian railroad, who had always expected to marry her, but who left her incontinently on supposing she was going to accept the ring of that little wretch who is now her brother-in-law. Dear me, what a fool that woman is!—the sister of your pretty Evelyn. How fortunate you are not going to marry the family!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Bryce.

But when he returned that evening, and found Evelyn still excitedly ready for tears at a word, and obliged to go early to bed with a sad headache, he went round for a little comfort from his cousin Kate; and every time that Evelyn seemed to shrink from him and show him the coldness that she could not help, he involuntarily sought with his cousin the sympathy he had found with her before.

At Christmas-time he gave Evelyn some pearls that made Julia's eyes fairly run over with drops of ecstasy, and at New Year's some diamonds, over which Osric hung gloatingly. But Evelyn gave them back, and begged him to keep them till by-and-by. "You mean," he said, "that you don't love me well enough to take them now?"

"I think," she said, "that I may care more for you if I am not so loaded with obligations. Let your cousin Kate keep them for me." And then, looking up, in a sudden boldness, she added: "Why did you not marry her? She would have made you a better wife than—than anybody. And she—she is very fond of you."

"Marry my cousin Kate! Why, the thought never entered my head. A man doesn't marry the women of his family," he exclaimed. "I mean to marry you."

But the thought had entered his head now. And the next time he came into the presence of pretty Mrs. Grey, he could not avoid looking at her, and remembering Evelyn's words. Yes, yes, he thought: Kate was very fond of him. And she would make any man a fine wife. If only Evelyn were as fond!

For the rest, that little speech of Evelyn's was like leaven, and leaven will work. He watched Kate when he gave her the jewels to take care of till he could give them to his wife, and it slowly began to dawn upon him that here was a woman who adored him, and he was passing her by to marry a child who adored somebody else! And sometimes then it used to occur to Evelyn that Mr. Bryce was growing a little tired of her indifference, a little vexed at her aversion. Still, troth was plighted, vows were pledged, the engagement was public, and the marriage had been fixed for the 1st of March.

"Oh, mamma!" broke forth Evelyn, as she threw open the window to air the room one morning, and looked out on the flying snow-squalls, "only a fortnight more, and I am in fetters."

"You silly child," said her mother, pulling up her shawl. "Fetters, indeed! You'll have a lovely valentine to-day, I dare say, with a diamond in it, if you call that fetters."

"St. Valentine's Day! So it is. Oh, what a dreary, dreary thing! As if there were any happy lovers in the world! Oh, I wish—I wish this snow were falling on my grave!"

"Well, Evelyn," said her mother then, severely, "if you are going to continue feeling this way, the sooner you put an end to things the better. I will see Mr. Bryce myself this very day."

"No. My word is given. I shall not break it. He is very kind," she sobbed. "I—I dare say I shall be all right in time, only I—I can not help—" And, without finishing her sentence, she thrust her head, where the hair was always breaking into sunny little rings, out into the falling snow to cool and hide her face.

To cool her face? What sudden flames were those that swept up over throat and cheek and forehead? What was it, who was it, she saw below there? Why did she spring back, and dart from the room, and take the stairs at a bound, to throw open the front door, and be clasped in a shower of snow and the embrace of a great dark fellow who would not let her go?

"Oh, Pierre! Pierre!" she was whispering, clinging to the stranger.

"And the ring wasn't for you after all, my darling! She wrote and told me—Mrs. Grey, the trump! What a wretch I was! What a— Bless my soul! what's this?"

She had sprung from him, and was wringing her hands at a safe distance. "Oh, I mustn't! you mustn t! I can't—I mean—oh, I mean, Pierre! Pierre!" she cried, "that I am going to marry Mr. Bryce!"

"Not now!"

"Yes, yes; I have promised—"

"Mail!" cried the postman at the open door, in which the snow was driving, and which they had both forgotten, and a letter fell at her feet.

Pierre picked it up. "A valentine, I suppose," he bitterly said. "Probably from your Mr. Bryce. Evelyn! Evelyn! do you mean that I have come home to emptiness, to desolation, to—"

She had opened the letter mechanically, and had run her eye over it, not really quite conscious of what she did. She whirled it toward him. "See!" she said, with a wide staring gaze. "Read it! I don't believe I can understand it. Perhaps I am—a little—out of my head!" And he read aloud:

"'MY DEAR—I know you will not feel badly when I set you free from your obligation to me by telling you what I have not had the courage to do before, that, by your advice, I shall marry my cousin Kate this evening, but, married or single, shall ever remain your friend,

"'WALTER BRYCE.'"

The letter fell to the floor, for Evelyn was under the capes of that great-coat, held close to the beating heart there. "Where's your cloak?" Pierre was whispering. "Where s the little mother? Here's the carriage at the door. They are going to be married this evening. Let us get the start of them by being married this morning. Who ever in all time before had such a glorious valentine?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Consulships.

A CORRESPONDENT who talked with Colonel John Hay, Assistant Secretary of State, asked him if the foreign consulships afforded a respectable living. His answer was: "Just a living, and no more. You will notice, if you go to Europe, that every Consul you find is dissatisfied and wants to come home, but yet not one of them but will feel indignant if another man is appointed in his place. We have some Consuls who have been in office a good while, and those young men have staid away so long that their opportunity for a career in their own country is done." Colonel Hay is in a position to know whereof he speaks. He has served abroad in various capacities, and his further experience as Assistant Secretary of State well qualifies him to speak in regard to the Consular service. What he says as to the undesirableness of most of these positions is true. A few Consulships are worth holding for the salary, though even these do not furnish more than a respectable living for a man of family. Some are desirable on account of climate or for hygienic reasons. A Consul who receives a salary is not permitted to engage in trade. Some of the unsalaried Consulships can be held with advantage by a commercial man who has a talent for trade and can make money in this way. But take the whole list through and none of them furnish more than a respectable living, while the most do not even that for a man of family. A common opinion prevails that a Consul receives a liberal allowance under the designation of "outfit" and "inlit;" in other words, that his traveling expenses are paid to and from his post of duty. This is not the case. There was such a regulation many years ago, but it was long since abolished. A Consul now receives only his salary, and is obliged to pay his own traveling expenses and those of his family, if he have one, to and from his post of duty. Most of our Consuls abroad have to live in a retired manner, and if they are in a country whose language they do not understand, they cannot take any social position or enjoy any social privileges.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' "Memoirs" will be published next April.

GENERAL GARFIELD sent out 9,000 letters from Mentor during the last quarter of 1880, nearly all in answer to office beggars.

PROF. NORDENSKJOLD intends to start on a new Arctic expedition in the summer of 1882. He is now having a ship built for this purpose.

DR. SCHLIEMAN has been building himself a marble dwelling at Athens, and over the door in gilded letters is the inscription, "Cottage of Homer."

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, the Washington philanthropist, is so beset by applicants for relief that he does not dare to take his exercise on the public streets.

EDWIN BOOTH is said to possess a portrait of his first wife which is kept entwined with flowers by his present wife; and under it is written, "From Mary on earth to Mary in Heaven."

ADOLPHE THIERS had habits of sleep so amazing that it is hard to reconcile them with rationality. He invariably undressed and went to bed at 7 p. m., awoke at 8 to dine, dozed in his chair about 10, went to bed about midnight and rose at 4:30. His health suffered from any disturbance of these arrangements.

SECRETARY SCHURZ, says the Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, as soon as he retires from the Cabinet, will publish a book. He has been engaged on it, at intervals, for several years. It will be a sort of politico-historical novel, in which he will make certain of his actors say what he thinks about some public men and public questions.

GEORGE ELIOT is graphically described as a woman whom no one ever approached without an immediate perception of goodness and greatness. To hear her talk was as good as to read what she wrote. A more beautiful voice than hers is rarely heard; a low, rich voice, and convincing, so to speak. Except in the shape, the size, the poise of her head, there was no striking outward sign of genius about her. A remarkable motherliness of look was indeed what most distinguished her personal appearance, and this alone gave her a certain beauty in spite of the large, massive, homely features of her face.

HUMOROUS.

A GLUTTON is not necessarily gorgeous.

"THE funniest part of a dog's tail is the wag," and the only funny thing about the erysipelas is the humor.—*Syracuse Standard.*

"WHICH we wish to remark," as the shipper said when he requested the return of goods which were addressed to the wrong party.

THE SEASONS—CONDENSED.—
One lusty, loud and long-continued sneeze,
Long sultry days of limp and languid ease,
The ceaseless murmur of a million fleas,
And then one steady, stiff and solid freeze.

IT is perfectly proper to speak of a man's magnificent dome of thought or his Websterian brow, but when you speak of a red headed gentleman as the man with the gilded dome, ten chances to one he will not feel flattered.

THE law against fast driving is a great blessing. When you go slowly ambling along at your nag's best pace, you can explain to your lady companion that the animal is a perfect tearer when he gets to going, but you don't like to put him on his mettle on account of the law.—*Boston Post.*

A COUNTRY girl at a fashionable otel in New York noticed that all the guests used their forks only in eating their pie. Upon her return home she reported the fact to the old lady, who comforted her by observing, "You shouldn't mind 'em, Jemima; it's all because they're too lazy to use their knives."

A WEEK ago last Sunday, at the Sunday-School in Holy Trinity Church, in this city, the pastor asked the children: "Who fasted forty days?" The pupils answered, "Our Savior." "That is right," said the pastor. "Now, who else fasted forty days?" The answer promptly came from half a dozen little folks, "Dr. Tanner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FUNNY OLD DOLLY.—
"Ain't you a funny old dolly
As ever a little girl had?
Just as sweet, and good, and jolly,
You're never the least mite bad.

"You're no longer handsome, 'tis true;
Dolls grow homely just like girls;
You're head is all mended with glue,
And you've lost your sweet pretty curls.

"Your legs are all broken off, too,
The sawdust spills out of your side,
And your arms are sewed on askew,
You'd never do, now, for a bride.

"But once you were pretty and gay,
And you never dared to be cross;
That's why I can hug you all day,
Oh, you're just's good 'sever you was."
—*New Haven Register.*

Queries for Philosophers.

WHY does a two-shilling cane and a five-cent cigar swell a young man's head until his hat won't fit him?

Why is it that women with the best complexions deliberately ruin them with cosmetics?

Why is it that a wealthy and respectable man will sacrifice pride, money and comfort to get into politics?

Why is it that the man in the street-car who knows the least always does the most talking?

Why is it that so many people stand ready to help the stranger poor and turn a deaf ear to their own relatives?

Why is it that a man with 180 pounds of fat considers himself an offset for a man with fifty-four ounces of brains?

Why is it that musicians who are the poorest players and singers are the quickest to show off their acquirements?—*Detroit Free Press.*